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## "I LOVE, YOU LOVE."

Old Jones, the village pedagogue,  
The grammar lesson called one day;  
Young Bess, a maid of sweet sixteen,  
Began the well-known words to say:  
"First person, I love," first she said.  
Sly Tom, beside her, whispered, "Me!"  
"Second person, you love," Bess went on.  
"Aye, that I do," said Tom, "love thee."  
"Third person, he loves," still said Bess.  
Tom whispered, "Who is he?"  
"Oh, Tom," said Bess, pleading low,  
"Do hold your peace and let me be!"  
"No whispering," called the master loud,  
And frowned upon the forward youth.  
"First person, we love," Bess said.  
"By George!" Tom whispered, "that's the  
truth!"  
The lesson over at last, poor Bess,  
With cheeks all crimson, took her seat,  
While Tom, sitting close, tried in vain  
The maiden's soft blue eyes to meet,  
And when the recess hour had come,  
Tom begged a walk with coaxing tone,  
And near the trees Bess said again  
The lesson over—for him alone.

## AN ORIGINAL NOVELLETTE.

### "A Heroine of To-Day."

WRITTEN FOR THE HARTFORD HERALD.  
BY VIOLA.

#### CHAPTER I.

"Mother, it seems very hard that we are  
always to be poor!" and little Latta Green  
looked up from her knitting to her mother,  
who was sitting near.  
"Hush! my darling child. Let not the  
demon of discontentment invade our quiet  
home. Happiness and contentment alone  
should be wooed by the poor and unfortunate.  
Beside, wealth is but a fleeting  
show of this world. Desire goodness that  
will last forever; rest your hope on Him  
who died for sinners, and He will give  
comfort to our too often rebellious hearts,"  
said Mrs. Green, as she stroked softly and  
lovingly her daughter's hair.  
"Dearest mother, I did not wish to seem  
rebellious, but a troubled vision visited my  
slumbers last night, leaving as a token of  
its visit the wretched feelings that possess  
me to-day. Let me tell you what it was,"  
and as she spoke she impulsively thrust  
herself on her knees at her mother's side.  
"I dreamed of leaving home for school,  
being favored with every advantage and  
opportunity of acquiring an education  
which I was rapidly completing, when an-  
other scene presented itself—a coffin! I  
knew beside it, and raising the cover,  
found that its occupant was none other  
than you, my dearest mother, lying there  
stiff—cold—dead! Oh! my God! how could  
I stand it?" and the affectionate daughter,  
throwing her arms around her mother's  
neck, wept on her bosom.  
"Latta, darling," cried the now dis-  
tressed mother, "do not give way to such  
empty, imaginary troubles. Raise your  
head, dear. 'Twas but a dream, a foolish  
vision. I have cheering news for my  
silly little dreamer. A portion of your  
vision is truly about to be realized. While  
you were absent on that little errand, our  
kind friend and neighbor, Mr. Ellis, came  
to me with the proffer to send you with  
his daughter, your sweet-tempered friend,  
Mary, to Sylvan College to finish your edu-  
cation, and I thankfully accepted his of-  
fer. I will reside with Mr. and Mrs. El-  
lis until your return, then we separate no  
more until death cuts asunder the cord  
which binds us to life. Brighten up, my  
little one. Forget that troubled dream. I  
will not leave you until God, in His own  
good time, sees fit to take me to Himself.  
Dry your tears, for in one month you leave  
here to be with me no more for five years.  
But if I can bear the separation, I know  
my brave daughter can," said Mrs. Green,  
calmly.

"Oh, mother! mother! how can I leave  
you for so long a time? And you too, El-  
do?" cried the almost frantic girl, as she  
drew a large Newfoundland dog near her,  
and caressed it in the most endearing man-  
ner. "But I will do so, and surmount every  
difficulty that may cross my pathway,"  
and the large, dark-brown eyes were raised  
toward heaven, as if a vow had been  
registered in her heart.  
"Mother, you have often told me that  
when I was thirteen years of age (and I  
have reached that time) you would tell  
me the secret of your past life—of my fa-  
ther," and Latta nestled still closer to her  
mother.

"I will," Mrs. Green replied, tears gath-  
ering in her eyes. "Remain just as you  
are. Let me look into your face, my only  
earthly comfort, while I relate to you my  
sorrowful story."

"I was the only child of wealthy and  
indulgent parents; such parents as children  
seldom have now-a-days. At eighteen I  
finished my education and made my debut  
in society. I was then what the world  
termed 'a brilliant young lady.' There  
were many young gentlemen, and even  
others more advanced in years and the  
wicked wiles of the world, lured at my  
feet, and I implored my heart and hand in  
marriage. Yet none found favor, except  
Ernest Green, a young lawyer, who resided  
in the same city.

"He was ever by my side, whispering  
words of love, and building castles high in  
air for our future. He won my young  
heart, and ere two years had sped by led  
me to the altar, and there before God and  
man promised to love and protect me

## through life. But,

"Promises thus sacredly spoken,  
Are as often lightly broken."  
"One year of my wedded life I passed in  
an earthly paradise, and I was beginning  
to look upon life as the perfection of hu-  
man happiness. It seemed that the sweet-  
est bliss of heaven crowned my life when  
God gave me you. But one thing that  
marred my pleasure was the continued  
aversion of my husband to my innocent  
little babe. After your birth, instead of  
drawing our hearts more closely, it seemed  
that they were rather torn asunder. Mr.  
Green would remain out late at night,  
(something unusual for him), and then  
return in an ill humor.  
"From that time on, gloom thickened  
fast and heavy on my pathway. Worst  
of all, I was summoned to the death-bed  
of my only remaining parent. I too keenly  
realized my loss, and my grief was in-  
expressible. The death of my loving pa-  
rent, and the unkindness of my husband,  
robbed me of my lightness of heart, leav-  
ing me, as you see me now, a melancholy  
woman."

"I was the only heir to my father's im-  
mense estate, of which my husband now  
took entire control. He had wound the  
business entirely up, securing everything  
in his own name, when one evening as I  
sat in the doorway awaiting his return,  
—you lay quietly sleeping in my arms,—  
I espied my husband coming up the pave-  
ment, and noticed that a devilish smile  
played on his face. He came and sat at  
my side, and looking at me intently, said:  
"Latta, do you know what I married  
you for?"

"I looked up in surprise. 'Why, no,  
Ernest,' I said. 'You told me you loved  
me; how could I help but believe it?'  
"Love the d—!" and he stamped his  
foot in anger. 'Love you? never! I loved  
your wealth, and now that I have secured  
all of that, I shall leave you to seek the  
woman I love. I will sue for a divorce,  
and if you contest it I will murder you in  
cold blood!'

"Ernest, you can have anything you  
want, I replied; 'my life, divorce, and this  
little innocent lamb that lies here on my  
arm. My wealth you say you have. I  
do not wish it, since happiness has fled.'  
"Then, farewell forever, Madame  
Green! Farewell! And you, too, little  
one, said he, taking you from me and  
pressing you tightly to his breast, and for  
the first time in your life, imitating a  
kiss on your lips. Then, putting you back  
in my lap, —was gone!"

"And what must I have suffered, thus betrayed?  
My heart's most warm and precious feelings  
made  
But things were with to wound, my heart —  
weak—  
So soft—lay open to the vulture's beak!  
It's a cruel revelation given up to scorn.  
It burns to bear, and yet it must be borne!  
And soer still, that bitter emotion,  
To know the shrine which had my soul's devo-  
tion—  
Was that of a false deity to look  
Upon the eyes I worshipped, and brook  
Their cold reply—"

"But to my story. I will not linger over  
the wretchedness of my feelings, and Mr.  
Green acted upon his threat, and sued for  
a divorce. In my madness I declined to  
contest his application, and found too late  
that he had indeed taken everything. Our  
beautiful residence, a bridal gift from my  
father, was sold. I was stripped of every  
vestige of property, and was thrown ex-  
clusively upon my own exertions for support  
for my babe and myself. I disposed of all  
my jewelry, left the city, and came to this  
little village, where I found kind friends  
in more strangers. After teaching music  
for five years, I was able to purchase this  
little cottage. Finding that I was com-  
pelled to give up teaching in consequence  
of failing health, I obtained enough re-  
sulting to maintain us. You know the rest,  
darling."

[Continued next week.]

## An Ingenious Robin.

A curious sight was afforded by a robin  
yesterday in a yard on the west side of  
the city. The little fellow was busily en-  
gaged in gathering material for the con-  
struction of a nest. In flying around he  
discovered an old nest fastened to a tree,  
and entwined in this nest was a long  
string, just what he wanted. One end of  
the string floated loosely, while the other  
was fastened in the nest. Robin seized  
the string and endeavored to pull it out.  
It was too tightly fastened for an ordi-  
nary pull, and he accordingly took a short  
hold and violently threw his head back.  
Still it wouldn't come. After apparently  
thinking a moment he tried a new plan.  
Seizing the end of the string firmly in his  
bill he tumbled heavily from the limb,  
and allowed his full weight to pull upon  
the coveted article. This he tried over  
and over again, but without avail. At  
last he entered the nest and diligently  
tugged at the fastened end of the string,  
until he succeeded in loosening it. Then  
he drew it through and sped away to  
make use of it in his new home.

He would come better prepared.  
One of the college newspaper exchangers  
says that a clergyman in a certain  
church, on a recent occasion, discovered  
after beginning the service that he had  
forgotten his notes. As it was too late to  
send for them, he said to his audience, by  
way of apology, that this morning he  
would have to depend upon the Lord for  
what he might say, but in the afternoon  
he would come better prepared.

## HOW THE MATE DIED.

From the St. Louis Times.

No one seemed to know how or when he  
reached the city. He was well along in  
years, though not old. His hair was griz-  
zly, his face sun-burned, and his hand  
showed that he had been a hard worker.  
It was at a boarding-house where river-  
men find food and rest, and the stranger  
would have passed unnoticed, had not his  
wild, strange talk aroused some of the men  
at midnight. His illness was serious, or  
he would not have had such glassy eyes,  
and such a ghastly look.

"Hand in, all hands there; lively lads,  
hot steam!" he called out as the men  
tried to quiet him.  
The doctor said it was a bad case. Some  
terrible fever which the man had been  
fighting off for weeks and weeks, but which  
had broken him down at last.

"Out with the plank, yip! hot! lively!  
lively!" called the patient, as the doctor  
tried to count his pulse.  
"He must have an opiate first," whis-  
pered the doctor, and he opened his little  
case of medicine. His hand passed from  
bottle to bottle until it rested upon the one  
desired, and just then the patient shouted:  
"Hip! hip! fly there! Here, you niggers  
—speed!—fly—gallop—rush! You over  
there—hip! Blast your lazy souls! why  
don't you rush them barrels off?"  
"He ought to have been under the doc-  
tor's care a week ago," whispered the phy-  
sician, as he softly jostled some of the  
powder out on the little square sheets of  
paper previously prepared.

Four or five brawny men had entered  
the dingy room, and they looked from doc-  
tor to patient without speaking.  
"Lit on'er—up! yip! yip! hot! niggers!  
Why in blazes don't you straighten your  
backs!" called the sick man.  
"He's bin mate!" whispered one of the  
men.

"And he thinks he's loading up!" added  
a second.  
"If I can quiet him to-night I'll learn  
something of his case in the morning,"  
said the doctor, as he folded the powders  
into little square packages. "Such men  
never give up until the last hour. See  
that chest, that neck, that arm! He could  
have stood up against cholera and yellow  
fever combined, if he'd taken care of him-  
self!"

"This way—this way—roll 'em—pile  
'em—throw 'em—why can't you jerk  
lightning right out of them barrels!" shout-  
ed the patient.

"Thinks he's taking on whisky and  
flour!" whispered one of the men.  
"I'll bet he was a driver," added a sec-  
ond.

"At I o'clock," said the doctor, ranging  
the little packages in a row, "give him  
one of these dissolved in a spoonful of wa-  
ter, and then one every hour until I come,  
unless he becomes quite quiet."  
"It's purty s'ces, ain't it, doctor?" asked  
one of the men.

"Well, I've seen hundreds of worse cases,  
but I can't tell how the powders will  
work. He's in for a long run of fever, at  
best, and if he's a stranger and short-tem-  
pered, I pity him."

"Hustle—fly—roll that whole wood-pile  
this way—hip! get out of your hides, nig-  
gers!" exclaimed the patient, his glassy  
eyes following the doctor to the door.  
"Thinks he's mooning up now," whis-  
pered one of the men. "He was mate all  
through—that's plain."

For a long time the patient whispered  
to himself, and the watchers could only  
catch a word or two now and then, but he  
suddenly cried out:

"Sharp, then! Sharp! Out with her  
—lit up! heave! so she goes! yip!"

"He's making a landing now," whis-  
pered one of the men, holding his watch, and  
waiting for one o'clock.

"There you go!" continued the patient,  
after a moment—"fling 'em—high—live-  
ly—great Heavens! why don't you tear  
splinters off your heels?—whoop! shoot!"

He was quiet again for five minutes, and  
one of the men mixed the powder with a  
spoonful of water. They were hesitating  
whether to disturb the sick man, when he  
sat up, threw his arms about and yelled:

"Crook yer backs, you black finks—  
hup! kit yit dust! fly! snatch 'em—great  
snakes, why don't ye tussel that cotton at  
me!"

He fell back, and when they bent over  
him, he was dead!

The men looked at each other in aston-  
ishment. They could not believe until  
there was no longer room to doubt.

"I hope he's got a plain channel!" whis-  
pered one as he drew the quilt up.

"There's no bars on the river!" added a  
second.

And as the third pressed the lids down  
over the sightless, glassy balls, he said:

"He was a stranger, and I hope the  
Lord'll let him make fast alongside of a  
wharfeboat in Heaven!"

Shepherdman's Opinion.  
The New York Sun tells this story of  
Gen. Sherman: "One night, while sitting  
before his camp-fire, so the story goes,  
he remarked to an officer with whom he  
was conversing: 'I am a much brighter  
man than Grant, I can see things quicker  
than he does, but I tell you where he  
beats me, and where he beats the world:  
he don't care a cent for what he don't see;  
the enemy doing, but it scares me like  
he would come better prepared."

A curious coincidence is noted by the  
Paris Moniteur—that the steamship  
Schiller was wrecked on the very an-  
niversary of the death, in 1805, of the Ger-  
man poet of the same name.

## "UGLY GREG" AND HIS ROSE.

Detroit Free Press.

At the Detroit House of Correction, a  
year or so ago, the high white-washed  
walls of the corridors were furnished with  
brackets and flower-pots to relieve the mo-  
notony and take away the gloom. One  
would scarcely think that the rough-look-  
ing, wicked men sent there for robbery,  
burglary, arson, and the graver crimes,  
would have cared for the change, but they  
gladly welcomed it. A rose, or geranium,  
or tulip, or pink, seemed to bring liberty  
and sunshine a little nearer, and to drive  
the evil out of their hearts, and it was a  
strange sight to see hardened criminals  
watering and nourishing the tender plants  
and watching their daily growth.

Two or three months before the brackets  
were hung up a prisoner came from  
one of the territories—an old, sullen-look-  
ing, bad-tempered man, convicted of rob-  
bing the mails. They called him "Greg,"  
as short for Gregory, and it wasn't long  
before they made it "Ugly Greg." He  
was ugly. He refused to work, cared  
nothing for rules or regulations, and  
twenty-eight days out of his first month  
were spent in the "solitary" for bad be-  
havior. He was expostulated with,  
threatened and punished, but he had a  
will as hard as iron. He hadn't a friend  
in the prison, and the knowledge of it  
seemed to make him more ugly and des-  
perate. When the brackets were hung  
up, there was one to spare, and it was  
placed near the door of Ugly Greg's cell  
until another spot could be found. No  
one had any hope that the old man's heart  
could be softened, and some said that he  
would dash the flower-pot to the floor.

When he came in from the shops his  
face expressed surprise at the sight of the  
little green rosebud so close to the door  
of his cell. He scented it, carefully placed  
it back, and it was noticed that the hard  
lines melted out of his face for a time.  
No one said anything to him, but the next  
morning, before he went to work, he care-  
fully watered the rose, and his eyes lost  
something of their sullen look. Would  
you believe that the little rosebush proved  
more powerful than all the arguments  
and threats of the keepers? It did,  
strangely enough.

As the days went by the old man lost  
his obstinacy and his gloominess, and he  
obeyed orders as well and as cheerfully  
as the best man in prison. His face took  
on a new look, his whole bearing changed,  
and the keepers looked at him and won-  
dered if he could be the man Greg of  
four or five months before. He watched  
the rose as a mother would watch a child,  
and it came to be understood that it was  
his. While some of the other flowers died  
from the want of care, the rose-tree grew  
and thrived and made the old man proud.  
He carried it into his cell at night and re-  
placed it in the morning, and sometimes  
he would talk to it, as if it were a human  
being. Its presence opened his lonely  
heart and planted good seed there, and  
from the day the bracket was hung up no  
keeper had the least trouble with Ugly  
Greg.

A few weeks ago he was taken sick,  
and when he went to the hospital the  
rose-tree went with him, and was placed  
where the warm sun could give it all the  
nourishment it needed. After a day or  
two it was hoped that the old man would  
get better, but he kept sinking and grow-  
ing feebler. So long as his eyes were open  
he would watch the rose, and when he  
slept he seemed to dream of it. One day  
when the nurse found an opening bid he  
rejoiced as heartily as if his parlor pa-  
pers had arrived. The bud was larger  
next day, and the rose could be seen  
bursting through. The flower-pot was  
placed on the bed, near the old man's  
face, that he might watch the bud blossom  
into a rose, and he was so quiet that  
the nurse did not approach him again for  
hours. The warm spring sun gilded  
in through the bars and kissed the open-  
ing bud, and then fell off in showers over  
the old man's pale face, erasing every line  
of guilt and ugliness which had ever been  
raised.

At noon the nurse saw that the rose  
had blossomed, and she whispered in the  
old man's ear:

"Greg, Greg, the rose has blossomed;  
wake up."

He did not move. She felt his cheek  
and it was cold. Ugly Greg was dead!  
One hand rested under his gray locks,  
while the other clasped the flower-pot,  
and the new-born rose bent down until it  
almost touched his cold face. His life  
had gone out just when his weeks of weary  
watching for a blossom were to be re-  
paid, but the rose-tree's mission was ac-  
complished.

The Sewing Machine Agent.  
A sewing machine agent who has been  
in the business long can subdue the most  
ferocious bull-dog by simply looking at  
him. Nothing short of a needle gun will  
move him, and then you don't want to  
aim at his cheek, or he will put on a east-  
ron smile at your seeming disinclination  
to buy a "noiseless" lock-stitcher.

Singular Coincidence.  
A curious coincidence is noted by the  
Paris Moniteur—that the steamship  
Schiller was wrecked on the very an-  
niversary of the death, in 1805, of the Ger-  
man poet of the same name.

How a Woman Takes a beat.  
She's washed the dishes, cleared off the  
table, swept out the sitting-room, and she  
stands in the bed-room door for a mo-  
ment, arms akimbo and surveys the bed.  
The pillows are skewed around, the  
quilts rolled up in a heap, one end of the  
sheet down almost to the floor, and she  
wonders how "them young ones" managed  
to tumble up the bed so.

She approaches the bed, seizes the pil-  
lows and deposits them on a chair, hauls  
the quilts off and drops them in the door-  
way, draws the sheets over the stand, and  
she finds the feather-tick full of lumps  
and dents and hills and hollows. She  
makes a lunge for it, rolls it to the foot of  
the bed, and dives down among the  
straw.

Her hands are lost to sight, and she  
hunts over until it seems as if her back  
would break. The straw is pulled this  
way, pushed that, dragged around and  
torn apart, and her fingers reach  
down to the bottom and into each  
corner.

"There! ha!" she says, as she straightens  
up to rest her back, and after a moment  
she grabs the feather-tick, yanks it around,  
gives it a top and rolls it against the  
head-board that she may get into the  
foot of the straw-tick. She dives into the  
straw once more, and her face gets as red  
as paint as her nose almost touches the  
tick. The straw is finally stirred enough  
and she rests her back, looks up at the  
ceiling and wonders where she can borrow  
a white-wash brush. Then it would do  
your heart good to see her grab the feather  
bed—she hauls it around, dings it up,  
mauls great dents in it with her fists, jaus  
it against the wall, and finally flattens it  
out. Then she seizes the foot, shakes the  
feathers toward the head, smooths them  
along further with her hand, and each  
corner is patted down and made to stand  
out distinctly. That hollow in the center  
is patted out of existence, and at last the  
bed is a true slant from head to foot.  
The top sheet is switched off the stand,  
held up before her until she sees the  
seam, then she flies it across the bed. It  
settles down just as true and square as a  
rule, and after the front side has been  
tucked down behind the rail the other  
sheet follows.

The pillows are then grabbed up,  
mauled and beaten and coiled around  
until they swell with indignation, and  
they are dropped on to the bed so gently  
that they don't make a dent, but seem to  
float in the air above the sheets. The  
dents where the cases button are placed to  
go outside, according to long-established  
rule, and the quilts are swung over, tuck-  
ed behind the rail, pulled down at the  
foot, smoothed at the head, and she stands  
back and says:

"There! those children will sleep like  
lugs to-night!"

A few weeks ago, as I stood in the Post-  
office, I heard one female say to another:  
"Did you hear about poor Mrs.  
Gleason?"

"No. Sick?" was the query.  
"Poor thing—died last night."

"Is that so?" was the exclamation.  
"Well, I'm sorry, though she's better off.  
She was a good wife, but she could never  
make up a bed as it ought to be made!"

All for a Purp.  
[From the Baltimore Sun.]  
A misguided young man of our ac-  
quaintance presented a landlady's daugh-  
ter with a four-week old pup a few days  
ago, under the delusion that a pup was a  
nice thing to have, and that he was con-  
ferring a favor. But this was the most  
unreasonable, ill-conditioned, querulous  
pup we ever remembered to have heard of.  
He had arrived at the teeth-cutting  
period of his existence, and the hired girl  
at the boarding house, in order to so-  
lase him, has to arise from her bed at the  
most unreasonable hours, and give him  
paragon and soothing syrup, and put  
unstarved plasters on him, until he tem-  
perately the silent tomb as a happy re-  
lease. And the pup objects strenuously  
to being left alone in the dark, and as a  
consequence the landlady's daughter has  
to sit up with him, and has thereby shat-  
tered her constitution by losing sleep un-  
til she is a mere wreck. In fact the pup  
has made things so warm that the board-  
ers are leaving gradually and now only  
two remain, an old codger who is as deaf  
as a post, and enjoys perfect bliss in not  
knowing that anything is wrong, and the  
miserable man who donated the pup, and  
whose heart-strings are torn with re-  
morse.

Sund and Sensible.  
When at a dinner, emotional insanity  
was being discussed, a guest remarked, "I  
admit the right of the injured husband to  
vindicate his marriage bed by murdering  
the right and left, but after such vindication  
he should come out and be hanged like  
a gentleman, for society has a right to  
vindicate the law. We must harmonize  
between the rights of husbands and hanged  
men."

He Won't Lie There.  
Henry Ward Beecher at prayer-meet-  
ings: "And if I lie and am buried in  
Greenwood, let nobody stand there and  
say, 'Here lies Henry Ward Beecher';  
for God knows I won't be there." Prob-  
ably not, death generally carries the  
sinner to his last habitation.

# ADVERTISING RATES.

One square, one insert.....\$ 1 00  
One square, each additional insertion..... 75  
One square, one year..... 10 00  
One-fourth column per year..... 30 00  
One-third column, per year..... 40 00  
One-half column, per year..... 50 00  
One column, one year..... 100 00  
For shorter time, at proportionate rates.  
One inch of space contains fifteen lines.  
The matter of yearly advertisements changed  
quarterly free of charge. For further particu-  
lars, address:  
Jno. P. Barrett & Co., Publishers.

## The Dark Day.

May 19, 1780, is known in the history  
of New England as the dark day. Be-  
tween the hours of 10 and 11 in the  
morning the sky became obscured with  
dense clouds of a smoky hue that drifted  
from the southwest. In most parts of  
New England the gloom that ensued was  
so great that it was impossible to read  
common print, to determine the time of  
day by watches and clocks, or to pursue  
any sort of work indoors without the aid  
of artificial light. In some places com-  
mon print could not be read out of doors  
for several hours in succession. The  
fowls went to roost, the birds sang their  
evening songs and settled themselves to  
sleep in their hidden retreats, candles  
were lighted in all the houses, while a  
silence and dimness, as of night rested  
upon the face of Nature. For several  
days preceding this time the atmosphere  
had been unusually thick and hazy, and  
the sun and moon looked dull and red as  
they rode through the heavens. On the  
morning of the 18th there were slight  
showers in certain localities, accompanied  
with thunder, while at different intervals  
through the day there was rain in various  
places. The water that fell was thick,  
dark and sooty, and a seam of ashes  
appeared on the surface of rivers and  
reservoirs, while, when the tide went out,  
it left a line of silt along the shore at  
the width of four or five inches. On ex-  
amination this surface matter seemed to  
be nothing more than ashes of burnt  
leaves. This extraordinary darkness  
lasted for a period of about fourteen  
hours.

In the transactions of the Philosophical  
Society of Philadelphia, printed prior to  
1789, there is a comment on a similar  
darkness that was experienced Oct. 21,  
1716, O. S. On this occasion "The day  
was so dark that people were forced to  
light candles to eat their dinners by."  
Which could not have been from any  
eclipse, the solar eclipse being the 4th of  
that month." Nothing is said in this ac-  
count of the cause of the darkness, nor  
are any particulars given. On Oct. 19,  
1762, a remarkable dark day was observed  
at Detroit, and described in the Philadel-  
phia Transactions for 1763. An officer  
stationed at Detroit described the day in  
a letter to a friend. In his words: "The  
19th of this month [October, 1762] was  
the most extraordinary dark day, perhaps  
ever seen in the world." The cause of the  
unnatural darkness prevailing on these  
several days was probably the extensive  
burning of Western prairie and woodlands.

## Buried Alive.

In Indianapolis, Ind., during the  
months of January and February, on ac-  
count of the unusual severity of the cold,  
the dead taken to the City Cemetery were  
deposited in vaults until the ground had  
thawed sufficiently to permit the digging  
of graves. For the past four weeks,  
therefore, the various undertakers have  
been busy interring these bodies, and in  
many instances curiosity has prompted  
them to open such coffins as were covered  
by an inner facing of glass. Among  
others so opened was that of an elderly  
lady who had died in January, and whose  
remains had been carefully deposited in  
its casket and removed with great care to  
the vault. When the cover was raised a  
few days ago, however, to the horror of  
the bystanders, it was discovered that  
the body, instead of lying in a natural  
position, with its face upward, had turned  
nearly upon its face, while the shroud was  
disarranged. Other evidence also revealed  
the fact that a struggle had taken place  
on the part of the unwilling occupant of  
the coffin. The hands were clinched, the  
eyes fixed with a horrid stare, and the  
knees bent. But the strong-willed coffin,  
with its row of silver-headed screws and  
handsome handles, with wrought grips,  
did the work which disease seems to have  
left undone. Weakened by sickness and  
old age, the poor woman could not break  
from her narrow home, or by her muffled  
rappings attract the attention of some  
passer-by. How dreadful must have been  
the sensation of the unfortunate  
victim as she awoke to consciousness and  
found herself numbered and lying with  
the dead! The terrible affair gives rise to  
a thousand thoughts as unpleasant as  
the air which fills the chamber-house.

Sympathetic Dyspepsia Remedy.  
Dyspepsia arises from a great variety  
of causes, and different persons are re-  
lieved by different remedies, according to  
the nature of the disease and condition of  
the stomach. We know a lady who has  
derived great benefit from drinking a  
tumbler of sweet milk—the richer and  
fresher the better—whenever a burning  
sensation is experienced in the stomach.  
An elderly gentleman of our acquaintance,  
who was afflicted for many years with  
great distress after eating, has effected a  
cure by mixing a teaspoonful of wheat  
bran in half a tumbler of water, and drink-  
ing it half an hour after his meals. It is  
necessary to stir quickly and drink im-  
mediately or the bran will adhere to the  
glass and become pastry. Coffee and  
tobacco are probably the worst substan-  
ces persons troubled with dyspepsia are  
in the habit of using, and should be avoid-  
ed. Regular eating of nourishing plain  
food and the use of some simple remedies  
like the above will, in most cases,  
relieve the sufferer.







**THE HERALD.**  
IS PUBLISHED  
EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING,  
IN THE TOWN OF  
**HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KENTUCKY.**  
—BY—  
**JOHN P. BARRETT & CO.,**  
AT THE PRICE OF  
**Two Dollars a Year in Advance.**

Job work of every description done with neatness and dispatch, at city prices. We have a full line of job types, and solicit the patronage of the business community.

The postage on every copy of THE HERALD is prepaid at this office.  
Our terms of subscription are \$2.00 per year, invariably in advance.  
Should the paper suspend publication, from any cause, during the year, we will refund the money due on subscription, or furnish subscribers with the unexpired term with any paper of the same price they may select.  
Advertisements of business men are solicited, except those of saloon keepers and dealers in intoxicating liquors, which we will not admit to our columns under any circumstances.  
All communications and contributions for publication must be addressed to the Editor.  
Communications in regard to advertising and job work must be addressed to the Publishers.

**COUNTY DIRECTORY.**

**CIRCUIT COURT.**  
Hon. James S. Sear, Judge, of Owensboro.  
Hon. Jos. Hayscraft, Attorney, Elizabethtown.  
A. L. Morton, Clerk, Hartford.  
E. R. Murrell, Master Commissioner, Hartford.  
T. J. Smith, Sheriff, Hartford.  
E. L. Wise, Jailor, Hartford.

Court begins on the second Mondays in May and November, and continues four weeks each term.

**COUNTY COURT.**  
Hon. W. F. Gregory, Judge, Hartford.  
Capt. Sam. K. Cox, Clerk, Hartford.  
J. P. Sanderfer, Attorney, Hartford.  
Court begins on the first Monday in every month.

**QUARTERLY COURT.**  
Begins on the 3rd Mondays in January, April, July and October.

**COURT OF CLAIMS.**  
Begins on the first Mondays in October and January.

**OTHER COUNTY OFFICERS.**  
J. J. Leach, Assessor, Cromwell.  
G. Smith Fitzhugh, Surveyor, Sulphur Springs.  
Thos. H. Boswell, Coroner, Sulphur Springs.  
W. L. Rowe, School Commissioner, Hartford.

**MAGISTRATES' COURTS.**  
Caney District, No. 1.—P. H. Alford, Justice, held March 5, June 17, September 4, December 15.  
E. F. Tifford, Justice, held March 15, June 4, September 18, December 4.  
Cool Springs District, No. 2.—A. N. Brown, Justice, held March 5, June 15, September 2, December 16.  
D. J. Wilcox, Justice, held March 15, June 2, September 16, December 2.  
Centerville District, No. 3.—W. P. Bender, Justice, held March 31, June 14, September 30, December 15.  
T. S. Bennett, Justice, held March 16, June 28, September 13, December 20.  
Bell's Store District, No. 4.—Benj. Newton, Justice, held March 11, June 23, September 11, December 27.  
S. Woodward, Justice, held March 24, June 10, September 25, December 11.  
Fordsville District, No. 5.—C. W. R. Cobb, Justice, held March 8, June 19, September 8, December 22.  
J. L. Burton, Justice, held March 20, June 7, September 22, December 8.  
Elitis District, No. 6.—C. S. McElroy, March 9, June 21, September 9, December 23.  
Jas. Miller, Justice, held March 22, June 5, September 23, December 2.  
Hartford District, No. 7.—Jas. P. Cooper, Justice, held March 13, June 25, September 14, December 29.  
A. B. Bennett, Justice, held March 23, June 11, September 27, December 13.  
Cromwell District, No. 8.—Samuel Austin, Justice, held March 27, June 18, September 29, December 17.  
Melvin Taylor, Justice, held March 17, June 30, September 17, December 31.  
Hartford District, No. 9.—Thomas L. Allen, Justice, held March 12, June 24, September 13, December 28.  
Jno. M. Leach, Justice, held March 26, June 12, September 24, December 14.  
Sulphur Springs District, No. 10.—R. G. Wedding, Justice, held March 19, June 5, September 21, December 7.  
Jas. A. Bennett, Justice, held March 6, June 18, September 7, December 21.  
Bartlett District, No. 11.—W. H. Cummins, Justice, held March 10, June 22, September 10, December 24.  
J. S. Yates, Justice, held March 23, June 9, September 24, December 10.

**POLICE COURTS.**  
Hartford—J. H. Luce, Judge, second Mondays in January, April, July and October.  
Beaver Dam—W. W. Cooper, Judge, first Saturdays in January, April, July and October.  
Cromwell—A. P. Montague, Judge, first Tuesdays in January, April, July and October.  
Coralto—W. D. Barnard, Judge, last Saturdays in March, June, September and December.

**WEDNESDAY, JUNE 16, 1875.**

**JNO. P. BARRETT, LOCAL EDITOR.**

Corsets for 50 cents at E. SMALL'S.

Remember that to-night is regular prayer meeting night.

A sufficient quantity of rain fell yesterday to make a tobacco "season," and our farmers are happy.

Ladies collarettes for 5 cents at E. SMALL'S.

We are authorized to announce B. P. Berryman as candidate for Police Judge. Election Saturday, July 31, 1875.

Mrs. Hart, sister of Messrs. Klein & Bro., of this place, is on a visit here and will probably remain during the summer.

Miss Susie Gregory, of Louisville, is spending a few days in our town, visiting the family of Judge W. F. Gregory, who is her uncle.

Ladies' kid slippers for 50 cents at E. SMALL'S.

W. H. Ruet, one of the most popular and gentlemanly salesmen of the Green River country, was in town last week, representing the old and reliable firm of Wheeler & Riggs, of Evansville.

We received on last Wednesday evening, the prettiest and nicest arranged bouquet of the season, for which Miss Lelia Addington will please accept our thanks. Its sweetness and beauty can only be surpassed by the fair donor. B.

**Good Templars' Convention.**  
The county convention of Good Templars met at Taylor Schoolhouse, near Green River, between Paradise and Rochester, on Friday and Saturday of last week. The session was most harmonious, and everybody enjoyed themselves. The neighbors kept open house, and were lavish in dispensing that genuine and hearty hospitality which has made that section proverbial. Rev. Bros. Barnett and Taylor delivered public addresses, and Prof. Hawkins of Rockport read the essay, which we will publish next week. Among other resolutions adopted by the convention was this excellent one:  
**Resolved,** That we will not of our material substance minister to the support of any preacher of the Gospel who uses intoxicating liquors as a beverage.  
That has the right ring in it. It is sound and sensible. We hope to get the report of the official proceedings in time for our next paper.

On Sunday morning Mr. Gruelle addressed a very large and attentive audience in the beautiful grove just below the schoolhouse. The community is a frugal and temperate one, and as a consequence are prospering beyond those communities where the liquor traffic has inoculated the people with idleness and drunkenness.

Families, strangers and buyers of first class dry goods, clothing, boots, shoes, hats, caps, notions, trunks and valises will save money by visiting.

**L. ROSENBERG & BRO.**

**A Card from the School Commissioner.**  
HARTFORD, KY., June 15th, 1875.  
The Court of Appeals have decided that the Act authorizing the purchase of "Collins Historical Sketches of Kentucky" is unconstitutional.  
The Attorney General has also given it as his opinion that the money withheld to pay for same must be paid to the teachers who have thus far been deprived of it.  
I am therefore authorized by the Superintendent of Public Instruction to notify teachers who taught Common Schools in the County of Ohio for the years ending June 30th, 1872, and June 30th, 1873, of the above decision. Each of them who contracted to teach the Common School for the public fund apportioned the district, and who was subjected to a deduction, will obtain a certificate signed by at least two of the Trustees of the district to that effect, and without delay file same with me.

**W. L. ROWE, C. S. C.**

**West Point Cadetship.**  
There is a vacancy at the West Point Military Academy from this, the Second Congressional District, and a cadet to fill the same will be selected by competitive examination conducted by a board of competent and impartial gentlemen. The examination will be made on the 1st day of August, and notice of the place will in due time be given. To any one seeking this appointment I will furnish a circular containing full information as to everything required of a cadet. I will thank the editors of papers in this district if they will republish this card.

**JOHN YOUNG BROWN.**  
Henderson, May 31st, 1875.

Special bargains in Ladies' cloth shoes, and Men's cloth and calf shoes at  
**E. SMALL'S.**

**The Appearance of the Crops.**  
We took a flying trip to the Taylortown neighborhood, on the Green River in the southeastern portion of the county last Sunday, going by way of the McHenry mines, and returning by way of Cool Spring Church and Beaver Dam. We never saw finer stands of wheat and oats, and the corn, to borrow an expression from our fair friends, "looks perfectly splendid." And the apples, too, were very far from being all killed. Unless some pest visits and ravages the fields, we will be blessed with more abundant and better crops this season than have been harvested in this section for many a year.

**Pass Him Around.**  
Jo. Brewer, who formerly lived in Louisville, came to this county some time this spring and set in to work and raise a crop with Mr. Ashford Woodward. He got in debt to Woodward in the sum of about twenty-five dollars, and skedaddled very unceremoniously, leaving the crop for Woodward to take care of, and forgetting to pay "dot leedle pill." He is no doubt at this time deceiving some other honest and credulous farmer. Our exchanges may save some man from being cheated by this dead-beat if they will pass him around.

**Wonderful Feat of the Mills.**  
Last Saturday we received a letter written and mailed by "Bill Perkins," from Sulphur Springs, on the 14th day of April last. Considering that Sulphur Springs is ten miles away, we don't see any more use for railroads or telegraphs, or even for chain-lightning, after this miraculous annihilation of time and space by an United States mail-carrier.

**Public Speaking.**  
Col. O. P. Johnson and Mr. Geo. C. Wedding and Dr. W. J. Berry will make political (Radical) speeches—the former at Hines Mill on the 20th instant, and the latter gentlemen at Sulphur Springs on the 2nd of July. We have not been advised whether or not they will be met by Democratic speakers.

**He Will not be There.**  
Mr. Gruelle had promised to deliver a Temperance address at the Sulphur Springs barbeque on the 3rd of July, but as the proprietors have ordered a large stock of beer and ale to be disposed of on the occasion, he declines to fill the appointment.

**Personal.**  
Mr. Will R. Haynes, of the Leitchfield Herald, was in town Saturday and Sunday. He looked well, had recovered entirely from the severe attack of Press Convention, and we are told has lost none of his old fondness for and skill at croquet.

**Chewing the Tobacco.**  
We learn that in one or two neighborhoods of the county the grasshoppers have about totally devoured the young tobacco plants, in more than one instance making replanting a necessity.

**Clothing and Men's Furnishing goods** at "slaughtering" low prices, at  
**E. SMALL'S.**

**Marriage Licenses.**  
The following is a list of the marriage licenses issued since our last report:  
Mr. Robert C. James and Miss Eliza Wooley.

**Transfer of Real Estate.**  
The following transfers of real estate have been lodged for record since our last report, viz:  
James A. Brown's heirs by commission—Cox to A. G. Brown, 2 tracts, 187 acres on Lewis' creek, \$1,030.  
R. S. Foster by Sheriff Smith, to R. M. Barnes, 65 acres on Caney creek, \$100.  
Isaac Morton's heirs, by commissioner Cox, to George Klein, a part of lot 65 in Hartford, \$400.  
Mrs. M. J. Bentley, to L. Friedman, a lot in Rockport, Ky., \$150.  
John S. Campfield to John L. Rock, 40 acres on Pond Run, \$160.

**OUR BEAVER DAM LETTER.**  
BEAVER DAM, KY., June 15th, 1875.  
We have been blessed with good rains and fine growing weather for two weeks past, which has caused a happy smile to beam upon every face, and all are trusting to Providence for an abundant crop.

**A FINE TOBACCO PROSPECT.**  
An immense amount of tobacco plants have been set out, and are from reports doing well. There will doubtless be a fine crop raised.

**WANTS TO BE THE TOBACCO MARKET.**  
We hope buyers will make this the tobacco point of the county. One house is already built, and there has been talk of one or two more being erected. The inducements are certainly sufficient as the tobacco has to be shipped from this depot. Would it not be better, then, to have the tobacco delivered here by the seller, where it could be priced and run from the house to the depot without having to haul it from five to ten miles on wagons. A track could be built from the houses to the depot with but little expense.

**THE COLORADO POTATO BUG** has made its appearance in this community, but as yet has done but little damage. The farmers are removing them from the leaves as soon as they appear.

**RAILROAD BUSINESS** has been remarkably dull for some time, scarcely any coal is being shipped over the road in either direction. We trust Louisville will be influenced before another winter to buy Kentucky coal exclusively, as it would be greatly to her interest to do so.

**IN SEARCH OF WORK.**  
It is an almost everyday occurrence for men to pass through our town in quest of employment. One man arrived here the other day from Pittsburgh, on his way to the coal mines. He stated that his family was in a state of starvation, and unless he could obtain work immediately they, as well as himself, would suffer. This is one case in a hundred that we could name where men are leaving their families in destitution and coming to our State for relief.

**MESSRS. BAILY & CO.,** from Bowling Green, Ky., have opened a photograph gallery on Main street, and are turning out some fine pictures. The young and the old can be seen wrestling for their turns to come as eagerly as the boy waits at the mill for his grain to be ground.

**THE SCHOOL** at this place will close its session next Friday. It has been under the management of Miss Carrie Gibson, who, we are proud to say, has given entire satisfaction to both parents and pupils. This is the first school that has been successfully taught here for years. The former teachers could never, for some reason, I know not why, make the school a success. Taking everything into consideration, we think the trustees could not act wiser than to retain the present teacher for the fall term.

**ROBBERY OF PEARS.**  
A very daring and bold robbery was committed here the other night. Some one entered our garden and robbed the pear vines of all but fifteen pears. No clue has yet been found to the perpetrator, but a large number of our boarders are on the watch, and swear vengeance against the rascal who robbed them of their favorite vegetable.

**THE HERALD** gains new friends with its every issue, and but for the scarcity of money, numbers would be added to its already long list.

**MR. E. V. BOWLING,** the former telegraph operator at this place, has been paying his many friends a visit for the past few days, but more particularly to one of our charming young ladies.

**THE GRASSHOPPERS.**  
Since commencing this letter I have been reliably informed that grasshoppers have made their appearance on several farms, and have eaten some corn and tobacco. Some believe they have their origin in the worm that played such havoc with grass fields last fall, but as to that, opinions are diversified. We can only trust to Providence and hope for the best.

**J. W. GRAVES.**

**OUR CANEYVILLE LETTER.**  
CANEYVILLE, KY., June 14.  
The Grangers of Grayson county met in convention in the courthouse at Leitchfield Tuesday, the 8th inst., for the purpose of bringing out a candidate to represent them in the next General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Kentucky, and nominated Mr. Lev. Greer. Thus we have three aspirants, viz: Dr. R. W. Brandon, of this place, R. Bratcher, ex-Arson of Grayson county, and Mr. Green. The three gentlemen are men of merit and qualifications, and either would make a good representative.

**A GRAND BARBECUE.**  
There will be a grand barbecue given at this place next Friday, by J. N. Brandon and Henry Daniel. The gentlemen are making preparations for the comfort of all who may come to participate in the festivity.

**AGES AND WEIGHTS.**  
The united ages of four boys we saw playing marbles on Main street last week were 214 years, and their united weights were 615 lbs.

**A DOG IN A HOLE.**  
Mr. Enon Patterson, living near this place, was out in the forest about a mile from his residence one day last week, and heard a dog barking, but could not tell from what direction the noise proceeded. On walking on a piece further, he discovered a hole in the ground, and dropped a stone in the hole, and apparently it fell about forty feet and struck water. On stooping down and looking, he could see the eyes of some living creature at the bottom. He procured a ladder and went down in the hole, and found a dog at the bottom. It was one of Mr. Jos. Carroll's dogs, that had been gone from home nine days. Mr. Patterson says the hole at the bottom is large enough to admit of a wagon and team being turned around.

**NO DOUBT OF A GOOD CROP.**  
There is no doubt now that a good crop of tobacco will be produced in this county, this year, if there are only seasons to set plants. A great deal is already set, and plants seem to be plentiful.

**MISS MOLLIE DUBBIN,** of Grayson Springs, spent a few days in town last week, visiting friends; but she has returned home followed by the good wishes of all her friends, and we hope she may pay us another visit ere long, especially for the benefit of our express agent.

**W. J. WILSON,** the agent and telegraph operator at this place, will leave for Cedar Bluff College next Friday, to attend the closing exercises of its present session, and accompany his sister to her home at this place.

**J. T. N.**

**Is the Talk.**  
Monday night John Wyatt, Deputy U. S. Marshal, arrested D. S. Stevens ("Doc") at his home in this county, and brought him to town and lodged him in jail. The charge against him is, selling liquor without license, and originated in his stealing a keg of brandy from the Hartford and Beaver Dam stage, last January, and trading it to a neighbor in payment for some hauling. He was brought before Commissioner Wedding yesterday morning, who investigated the case, and held him in bonds of \$500 to appear and answer at the next term of the U. S. Court. Stevens was indicted for grand larceny—for the theft of this same brandy—by the late grand jury, and was under bonds for his appearance at the next term of our circuit court. Between the Federal and State authorities it will be miraculous if he misses the penitentiary.

**He Does it Every Day.**  
On our trip to the city of Louisville, last week, we stopped at Big Clifty and took dinner with that genial landlord, Sam. Goodman. They had a wedding there, that day, but then passengers used to stopping there for dinner would not have known it by the table, for Sam sets a wedding-dinner every day.

**LETTER FROM KANSAS.**  
SEDGWICK CITY, KANSAS, June 1st.  
EDITOR HERALD:—The most severe hailstorm that has ever visited any portion of this county, since its settlement, passed from West to East over the South line of this and West line of Sedgewick county, Tuesday night of this week, doing great damage. As far as we have been able to learn, it appears that it extended over more of Sedgewick county than of this, (Hennry), and that devastation to crops has been immense. Whole fields of grain that were maturing for harvest, amid unusually favorable aspects, have been blown down and rendered almost worthless. The breadth of the country over which the storm passed appears to have been about four or five miles, and in length, it both began and ended beyond our limits and present information, and the size of the hailstones, in some places, was said to have been as large as goose-eggs. All the windows fronting to the west in Sedgewick City are completely demolished, and farm houses along the route of the storm, have all suffered equally as bad.

**G. W. BEAUCAMP.**

**DOXY.**  
On the 27th of February, 1875, in Lincoln, Illinois, to the wife of our dear friend and former townsman, WALLACE NALL, a daughter, KITTIE.

We know the little lady must be handsome if she favors papa any. Accept our congratulations, Wallace.

**W. M. GRAVES.**

**House Carpenters.**  
We respectfully announce to the citizens of Hartford and Ohio county, that we are prepared to do House Carpentering, Furniture Repairing, and any kind of Wood-work, on short notice at reasonable terms. Shop in Maury's old stand.

**GRAVES & COX.**

**Z. WAYNE GRIFFIN,**  
HARTFORD, KY.  
Dealer in  
**Drugs, Medicines and Chemicals,**  
Fine Toilet Soaps, Fancy Hair and Toilet Brushes, Perfumery and Fancy Toilet Articles, Trusses and Shoulder Braces,  
**Garden Seed.**  
Pure Wines and Liquors for medicinal purposes.  
Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Dye Stuffs,  
Letter-paper, Pens, Ink, Envelopes, Glass Putty, Carbon Oil, Lamps and Chimneys.  
Physicians' prescriptions accurately compounded.

**For Sale.**  
A house and lot in Beaver Dam, containing one acre, a comfortable home with four rooms, a good stable with five stalls and corn-crib, a good young orchard of peach, apple and cherry trees, in all about seven acres, selected fruit. The place has a well of never failing water. I will sell on reasonable terms.

**Mrs. E. L. BARCLAY.**

**GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES.**  
Exact Size of Our \$15 Watches.



Gent's Silver Hunting Key winding Lever Watches \$15. Gent's Silver Hunting Stem-winding Lever-watches, \$25. Ladies' Gold Hunting Key-winding Lever Watches, \$30. Ladies' Gold Hunting Stem-winding Lever Watches, \$50. Gent's Gold Hunting Stem-winding Lever Watches, \$65. Gent's Gold Hunting Stem-winding Lever Watches \$70.

Either of the above Watches sent by mail at our risk on receipt of price and fifty cents for postage, or by express, with bill to collect price on delivery of watch, subject to examination and approval, if desired, before paying. All our watches are warranted either solid gold or solid silver, and sent safely by post-office money order, registered letter or by express. We have also a very fine assortment of solid gold and silver chains, which we are offering at equally low prices. We ask especial attention to our fifteen dollar silver watches, believing them superior to any watch at like price ever sold in this country.

If you want a Good Watch at a Low Price send for our new Illustrated Price List of Gold and Silver Watches which shows sizes and prices of about fifty different styles. We send it free to any address.

**C. P. BARNES & BRO., Jewelers,**  
(by Mail) Main st. bt. 6th & 7th Louisville, Ky.

**ATTENTION, FARMERS!**



**THE ADVANCE!**

This machine stands in merit far ahead of all competitors. In fact there is no machine fit to be called its competitor. We have improved this machine very much during the past year, preserving however, the many points of excellence which have made it so a serviceable popular in the past. We have replaced the Double Wooden Frame by a single one, substituting for the Auxiliary Frame an iron drag bar, thus making the machine much lighter and handier, without lessening its strength and durability, and at the same time retaining all the advantages of the Double Frame. We have also improved the flaking apparatus, and to have now the best flake we have ever made, which is equivalent to saying that we have the best in the world.

**A Farmer Buying the "Advance"**

saves money by doing it, for the following reasons:  
1st. Because, being a strong and durable machine, it will outlast at least two of any other make, and with less cost for repairs during the same period.  
2nd. Because, by its efficient work, it will have saved during its use hundreds of bushels of grain that would have been lost with any other Reaper.  
3rd. Because, being always reliable and doing its work under all circumstances, it will have saved his own and his neighbors' time, to say nothing of the saving of annoyance and trouble. The best is always the cheapest.

**BARNES & TAYLOR, Agents for Ohio Co.**  
BEAVER DAM, KY.  
May 5 July 15

**New Goods! New Goods!**

FOR  
**L. ROSENBERG & BRO.**  
Mammoth  
**SPRING AND SUMMER STOCK!**

Every department in our stock is full and our prices are down to the

**Lo west Notch!**

We are confident that no other house will do as well by you as ours. We respectfully solicit an examination of our

**GOODS AND PRICES.**  
before making your spring purchases, believing that it will pay you to do so. n o l f

**W. M. HARDWICK,** A. T. NALL.  
**HARDWICK & NALL,**  
DEALERS IN  
**DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, HATS, CAPS, BOOTS, SHOES, HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE, &c.**

Which we will sell low for cash, or exchange for country produce, paying the highest market price. n o l y

**JOSEPH VAUGHT,**  
**BLACKSMITH,**  
HARTFORD, KY.

All kinds of Blacksmithing done in good style and at the lowest price for cash only.

**HORSE-SHOEING.**  
made a specialty. Will shoe all round for \$1.25 n o l y

**Plow Stocking**  
AND  
**GENERAL WOODWORK.**

The undersigned would respectfully announce to the citizens of Ohio county, that they are now prepared to do all kinds of WOODWORK at their new shop in Hartford. They have secured the services of a competent workman to STOCK PLOWS, and they guarantee satisfaction, both as to work and prices, in all cases. They will make WAGONS AND BUGGIES, and will make and furnish COFFINS AND BURIAL CASES at the lowest possible prices. Call and see us before engaging your work elsewhere.

**PATRONAGE SOLICITED,** and satisfaction guaranteed. By close application to business we hope to merit the support of our friends. MAUZY & HURT. Jan. 20, 1875. j a 20 l y

**JAS. A. THOMAS,** GEO. A. PLATT.

**JAS. A. THOMAS & CO.**  
HARTFORD, KY.  
Dealers in staple and fancy  
**DRY GOODS,**  
Notions, Fancy Goods, Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps. A large assortment of these goods kept constantly on hand, and will be sold at the very lowest cash price. n o l z

**ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY**  
—OF—  
**LIVERPOOL.**  
Security and Indemnity.  
CAPITAL—\$10,000,000 GOLD.  
CASH ASSETS, OVER \$12,000,000 GOLD.  
CASH ASSETS IN U. S., \$1,837,984 GOLD.  
Losses paid without discount, refer to 12th condition of Company's policy.

**BARBEE & CASTLEMAN,** General Agents, Louisville, Kentucky.  
**BARRETT & BRO., Agents,** HARTFORD, KY.

**THE CROW HOUSE,**  
Opposite the Courthouse  
HARTFORD, KY.  
JOHN S. VAUGHT, PROPRIETOR.

Comfortable rooms, prompt attention, and low prices. The traveling public are respectfully invited to give us a share of patronage. Every exertion made to render guests comfortable.

**STAGE LINE.**  
Mr. Vaught will continue the stage twice a day between Hartford and Beaver Dam, morning and evening, connecting with all passenger trains on the L. P. & S. Western railway. Passengers set down wherever they desire.

**n o l y**

**HARTFORD RETAIL MARKETS.**  
Corrected Weekly by Wm. H. Williams.  
Hartford, Ky., May 11, 1875.

Apples, dred, 1/2 bush.....	\$ 1 00
Apples, green, 1/2 bush.....	75 1/2 1 25
Bacon, 1/2 lb.....	13
Beans, 1/2 bush.....	1 25 1/2 1 50
Brooms, 1/2 doz.....	2 40 3 50
Butter, 1/2 lb.....	15 20
Candles, 1/2 lb.....	25 40
Canned, 1/2 lb.....	25
Coffee, 1/2 lb.....	25 28
Cheese, 1/2 lb.....	25 28
Crackers, 1/2 lb.....	15 25
Con. oil, 1/2 gallon.....	30 36
Chickens, 1/2 doz.....	1 50 1 75
Corn, 1/2 barrel.....	3 00
Corn-meal, 1/2 doz.....	10 25
Eggs, 1/2 doz.....	10
Furs, racoon.....	40 50
Furs, mink.....	1 00 1 75
Flour, 1/2 barrel.....	6 00 7 00
Hominy, 1/2 lb.....	4 41
Hay, 1/2 100 lb.....	75 76
Hides, green, salted, 1/2 lb.....	6 6
Hides, dried, 1/2 lb.....	10 15
Lard, 1/2 lb.....	20
Lard oil, 1/2 gallon.....	1 25
Lime, 1/2 barrel.....	1 50
Men, bolted, 1/2 bushel.....	75 80
Meal, unbolted, 1/2 bushel.....	75
Molasses, 1/2 gallon.....	75 1 00
Mackerel, 1/2 lb.....	1 50 2 00
Mackerel, 1/2 barrel.....	8 50 10 00
Nails, 1/2 keg, 10d.....	4 25 5 50
Oysters, 1/2 can.....	12 20
Onions, 1/2 barrel.....	5 00
Potatoes, Irish, 1/2 bushel.....	1 80 2 00
Pecanices, dried, 1/2 bushel.....	1 50 1 75
Rice, 1/2 lb.....	12 13
Salt, 1/2 barrel.....	2 50
Sugar, N. O., 1/2 lb.....	10 12 1/2
Sugar, C, 1/2 lb.....	12 14
Sugar crushed pow'd, 1/2 lb.....	17 18
Soap, 1/2 lb.....	5 6 20
Starch, 1/2 lb.....	10
Soda, 1/2 lb.....	10
Fallow, 1/2 lb.....	6
Fur, 1/2 gallon.....	50 60
Teas, 1/2 lb.....	1 50 2 00
Tobacco, manufac'd, 1/2 lb.....	75 1 50

**J. F. COLLINS,**  
DEALER IN  
**GROCERIES, CONFECTIONERIES, &c., &c.**

**COUNTRY PRODUCE**  
Bought at  
**The Highest Market Price.**

Remember the place, west side public square opposite the court house, Hartford, Ky. n o l y.



**JOHN P. TRACY & SON.**  
**UNDERTAKERS,**  
HARTFORD, KY.

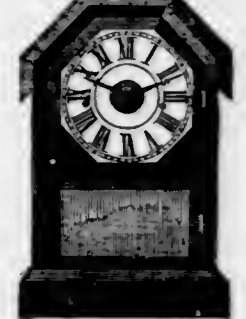
Manufacturers and dealers in all kinds of wooden coffins, from the finest rose wood casket to the cheapest pine coffin.  
All kinds of coffin trimmings instantly on hand and for sale.  
Keep a fine hearse always ready to attend funerals.

**Wagons and Buggies,**  
constantly on hand or made to order. Particular attention given to plow stocking. n o l y

**E. SMALL**  
at the  
**TRADE PALACE,**  
HARTFORD, KY.

Has just received a large and well selected stock of  
**DRY GOODS**  
**LADIES' DRESS GOODS,**  
Men's and boys'  
**CLOTHING.**  
Ladies' and gents'  
**HATS:**  
**BOOTS & SHOES**  
of all grades and sizes.  
**NOTIONS.**  
Special bargains in  
**White Goods,**  
EDGINGS, INSERTINGS, &c.  
A choice lot of Ribbons at a big discount.  
With many thanks for past patronage, I hope, by fair dealing, to merit a continuance of the same.  
**E. SMALL.**

**FOR SALE.**  
A government land warrant for services rendered in the war of 1812, for 160 acres of land, at a  
**REASONABLE PRICE.**  
For further information apply to J. M. Rogers, Beaver Dam, Ky., or John P. Barrett, Hartford, Ky.



**SETH THOMAS**  
**CLOCKS.**  
If you want a good clock at a moderate price, send for our new illustrated price list of Seth Thomas clocks. Clocks sent by registered letter and sent to any address at our risk on receipt of price and fifty cents additional for express charges. Money may be sent safely by registered letter or express.

**C. P. BARNES & BRO.,**  
Jewelers, Main st., bt. 6th & 7th, Louisville, Ky.



Address HARPER & BROTHERS,  
New York.